

morse code by papenathy

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Genre: I don't know how to tag this, M/M, and a little dramatic, it's just soft and gay, let's just call this canon, there's not really any dialogue

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Summary:

The thoughts going through Will Byers' head as his best friend retells the story of the day they first met.

morse code

Author's Note:

This is just a short piece I wrote to post on twitter but I wanted to post it on here as well because I was proud of it so yeah, enjoy delving into the half possessed mind of Will Byers :)

Will remembered the day he met his best friend, he remembered it as clear as the sky on a warm summer day. If he thought hard enough, he could still think back to how he looked. Slightly shorter than him at the time, believe it or not. Will noticed his freckles straight away, a splash of dots across his nose and under his eyes; sometimes Will wanted to connect them together like a dot to dot. Or as he got older, he found himself seeing constellations, tracing his cold fingers over them. He saw the sky and even more in him, he saw the whole universe. When Will would hold him, he'd feel like he had the whole universe in his arms. He was the protector of that universe, even if he was the one being protected most of the time. That universe was his, even though everyone else could see it; Will saw it differently.

Even half gone, even half lost to this terrible creature that was consuming all of his mind and memories faster by the second... Will still remembered the day he met his best friend. He still remembered the day he met Mike. His family told their stories, about his rainbow ship and building castle byers; Will remembered them, and there was some sort of connection. But it wasn't enough. He could see the memories faintly in his mind, and they only just brushed against the surface of the real Will Byers. The Will Byers everyone was about to lose. Mike's memory, though, Mike's story... grabbed onto Will Byers. Holding him in his arms like he was his universe too.

There was a point where Will realised something, something he had to do. It wasn't an easy decision, but if he wanted these people to survive, the people that he really loved... he would have to sacrifice

himself. He'd have to give up, he was done with fighting, it was too hard. He felt as if he'd tried as hard as he possibly could, and if it weren't for Mike Wheeler, then he'd be gone already. Through it all, he stayed by Will's side. He remembered when he refused to leave the lab even though he had been asked. He grabbed onto Will's hand, and held it tight, like his universe was about to slip through his fingers.

I'm not leaving your side. Not for a second.

He remembered him crying. Will had his eyes closed, trying to get to sleep even though it was immensely difficult. It was too hot, too boiling... he felt like he was burning, so sleep didn't come naturally. Mike had been left in the room with him for a little while, and just as Will was about to drift off, he heard quiet sniffles coming from the other side of him. He didn't dare look, because he hated seeing Mike upset. Especially if it was because of him. Mike cared about him, though, so of course he was upset. Will prayed that night, prayed that everything would get better when he woke. Things only got worse.

That was why, for a second, Will had a moment of doubt. *Do I really want to do this?* He thought, *do I really want to die?* Then, he thought, he'd do it for them. He'd do it for him. He would do it if it meant they would be able to live their lives without any of this mess ever again, because at the end of the day, Will knew it was all his fault. If there was no him, there would be no mess. But Mike would suffer, even Will knew that. He'd put him through that once before, he couldn't do it again.

You can't leave me again, Will. I won't let you.

That would be selfish, giving up so easily; but he had tried. He wasn't

sure he could try anymore. It was agonising, it felt as if trying to hold on to his true self was like trying to tell Mike how he really felt. How he made him happy, how he made him feel like he was okay, how he made him laugh, how he made him feel like *Will* . How he... loved him. Both things were impossible.

Unless.

Unless.

Unless Will told him. How he truly felt, it could either bring him back just a little more; it would give him a little longer, for everyone to figure things out. If he did end up with the other option, though, if he ended up *dying* and losing Will Byers forever; at least he would've died knowing he'd told Mike how he felt. At least he would die with some pride. The thing was, they always knew they loved each other. Even if they didn't say it. But Will meant this differently, and he needed to say it even if it was the very last thing he did.

The mind of Will Byers was blurring, and fast, becoming almost non-existent. He felt the Mind Flayer eating away at it, bit by bit, as he tried to fight back with his memories. It was like a stupid game of Pac-Man, his memories getting eaten away one by one. Soon they'd be gone, and it'd be GAME OVER. Will had to tell Mike, he had to. So when he asked, when he asked if he remembered that day... Will responded. Even though no one fully understood it yet. He tapped out the morse code on the leg of the chair.

Y E S .

Will Byers did remember the day he met his best friend, and how it came flooding back. Mike continued, recounting the story, and he honestly couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe Mike remembered it too. Sometimes, Will would just think about it, and he'd smile. He couldn't imagine living without Mike, so when he pictured a Mike without a Will... it hurt. It hurt more than the feeling of his flesh burning and his blood boiling. It was like a slow and painful stab to the chest, pushing further and further, inching closer and closer to his heart. Then it would all be over.

But Mike got through, his memory grabbed onto Will. It held onto Will's hands, squeezing them tight. It pulled Will into its arms, like he was the whole universe. Will almost felt like Mike was holding him, one of those tight and reassuring hugs. One of those hugs that were just so *Mike* . The ones Will would do anything for, what he would do to get one last hug before he disappeared forever. At some point, he felt as if he was being pulled forward, out of the dark abyss into a light. That light was Mike, the person he loved. Will always thought love was a weird thing, he never knew how to judge it, but he always knew he loved Mike. He had to tell him, before it was too late.

He tapped the side of the chair again, just as he watched the tears roll down Mike's face. Just as Mike told him that asking him to be his friend was the best thing he had ever done.

I L O V E Y O U.

Will Byers remembered the day he met the love of his life, and on that day, what he didn't know... was that very memory would save him.

And it did.